# THE RETURN OF LILLYWHITE

OM AMERY sat in ecstatic conof Clematis Cottage.

The sun had set in a riot of red over the smoke-wreathed roofs of the plut of beer. Perceiving Tom in the Mrs. Lillywhite was a livin' what transpontine shipping town, leaving in its twilit wake the silvern eveningstar; filmy wisps of haze settled on the river below; the refitting yards on the opposite bank had sunk to being like magic stars.

There were other reasons for Tom's contentment. While the nightingale in the silver birches on the slope below throbbed out bars of liquid song his right arm was round the slim waist of the almost shortly. "No secret, is it?" girlish widow to whom Clematis Cottage belonged.

For the second time in her short life Winnie Lillywhite had consented to vield her freedom into the hands of a man. The banns had been "put was to take place in two days from

Winnie's first husband, Percy Lilly. Tom could have throttled him. white, had had the double misfortune to be an invertebrate ship's steward, and to possess an hereditary thirst. home!" In the words of an old couplet:

"He lived on water whilst at sea: On land he never touched It!"

When the news had come, four Percy had been killed in a railway accident near Melbourne, she had dutifully mourned him, bought Clematis Cottage in the semi-rural killed on the line!" suburb of Perleigh, and settled down

ing chill cried cease to the heavenly lovers' meeting, Tom Amery did not 'ome, after all!" enter the house, but escorted by his financee through the rose-arched between them their farewells took it's an infernal lie." long in the saying.

bler-shaded seat in the garden was Jim Bowden, the shoemaker, 'alf an hour ago. He's puttin' up at another matter. going home after a brief visit to the the Honest Lawyer, an' I heard 'im Honest Lawyer to have his evening arst the landlord where a certain road, with a glint of white within come out of town." the front garden, he bade a quiet When he had seen Bowden safe in good-night and went on his way.

Tom caught up the man of last and had never known Percy Lillywhite wrath. silence; far down the river the bright, leather at the Triangle—the patch of in the flesh, but many a time had he bluish lights of the decks sprank into green that is all that remains of Perleigh Common.

> ing, as he turned round in the grow- of Winnie's piano. ing darkness, "when's the weddin' comin' off?"

"There's many a slip 'twixt cup and no prophet, but I shouldn't mind bettin' on a slip."

"What in thunder do you mean?" demanded Tom between indignation up" and duly called; the marriage and scorn. "What's to prevent? You any objection to make?"

> The shoemaker chuckled audibly: "Perhaps you don't know it." went

on Jim, "but-Lillywhite's come dently a guest of the inn, came in,

"Lillywhite's come back, I tell years age, that after leaving his ship missus ain't no widow, any more than mine is."

"Rot!" replied Tom Amery. "Why,

"I know she did," retorted the to a second spinsterhood-until Tom other with an unseen grin. "Brought close-clipped beard, but there was no her a nice little bit of the ready, mistaking his face and lines in When the falling dew and increas- didn't it? Pretty little cottage for general. 'im to come back to. No place like

alley, passed out of the white wicket "'Twill be the death of Winnie if and had come home to see someone into the road. With the closed gate she hears such a rumor, although living hereabouts.

"Then you'd best trot back and

Clumsy steps came down the road prepare her for it," counselled Jim, of drunken memory; but Percy alive

his shop, Tom/Amery, sick at heart, Sprinting along the turfy path, made his way back to the inn. He demanded Tom unnecessarily, in his glared surrepitiously at his portrait in the embossed silver frame that "Well, old chap!" was Jim's greet stood like a sacred icon on the top said. "I'm her-her nearest relative, gone."

Tom went in at the side door of the Honest Lawyer, and on into the pri-"Saturday, of course!" replied Tom vate room, which he was relieved to each other's eyes for a tense mofind empty. Winterbank, the land ment. lord, gave Tom a queer look as he lip," said Jim mysteriously. "I ain't took his order for a small Bass through a hatch in the wall, but said nothing.

In the silence Tom's hopes that Jim Bowden had been fooling him revived; he sipped his drink in hopeful meditation.

He had been sitting thus for a and insurance!" said Tom. space of five minutes when the inner door opened. A man in checks, evigave an order through the hole in "No!" shouted the bridegroom, the wall for a glass of ginger ale, and ""That's a devilish joke to make, took a seat at another table, but facing Tom, at whom he looked as though willing to open a converyou," reiterated Jim Bowden. "His sation, in the way of the returned wanderer.

But Tom sat in a petrified silence; for, by the portrait on Winnie's plane she had authentic news of his being at Clematis Cottage, he recognized the stranger as Percy Lillywhite. He was browner perhaps, and had a

The two rivals sat thus for some time; the stranger remarked about "Dry up, will you!" cried Tom, the weather, then mentioned that he gripping Jim's arm threateningly, had lived in Australia for some years

> This was bad news. Tom had always felt a contempt for the Percy his hand.

tentment on the rustic, ram- from the direction of the bridge. It "for I see Perce Lillywhite myself, and apparently of sober habits was you claim her now!" he said. "You

"Any one I'm acquainted with, I wonder!" he ventured.

"A lady of the name Lillywhite-Mrs. Winifred Lillywhite," said the returned prodigal

"And who the devil may you be?"

The amused twinkle in the other's eyes did not allay Tom's irriattion.

though I'm not so sure she wants to see me.'

The two antagonists looked into

back to torture her! And we thought you croaked and cremated these four sure you're out there." years."

"I'm able to deny that!" said Lilly. white with a grin.

"And she drew your club money

"Good girl!" retorted the unwelcome stranger.

"You're legally dead." pursued Tom, "and you'll be liable to prosecution for fraud if you show up!" "You don't say so!" returned Lillywhite. "That's how she came by that cunning little cottage, I

shouldn't wonder." "You must go back to Australia,"

"Sea travel costs-cash!" objected Lillywhite glumly. "Work your way out, like you did

before," suggested Tom. "You seem to know all about me!"

said the ex-steward caustically. "What's your name, may I ask?" "My name's Amery-Tom Amery;

I'm a coppersmith by trade!" "Then you're the happy bridegroom! Congratulations!" said Lillywhite, with what sounded to Tom like a mocking laugh, as he held out

-alive!"

"I've no doubt she suffered, poor little nipper"-Lilly white picked his teeth thoughtfully with a quill. "But who said I intended to claim her?"

"What else 're you here for?" asked Tom; then, lowering his voice, said, "You must skip-see!"

"I came to England to see her, of course," said Lillywhite. "It's just "My name's Lillywhite, too," he a little money matter, and I'll be

"She can't be worried with it!" insisted Tom Amery, frantically. "Look here, Lillywhite; I'm not a rich man, but I'll give you a hundred pounds down if you don't claim Winnie as "Good God!" exclaimed Tom, hold- your wife and if you leave England ing himself in. "So you've come by the next mail steamer.. I'll see you have another hundred when I'm

> Lillywhite looked Tom in the eyes for thirty seconds before he spoke. "Done," said he then, slapping his knee. "You shall have a clear field -marry the poor girl and make her happy! I'll never call at Clematis Cottage until I'm invited.

He held out his hand again, and the two men shook.

It was nearly closing time when Lillywhite accompanied Tom Amery home and was asked inside to wait for the money promised.

As he sat taking stock of the little front parlor, with his neatly piled books and numerous trophies of the traveller-for Tom had been a coppersmith in the Navy before settling on land-the bridegroom rummaged in his treasure chest overhead. At last he came down, repeated the terms of the bargain, thrust a sheaf of notes into the ne'er-do-weel's hand, and, bidding him a curt farewell, let him out of the front door into the aisle! moonlit highway.

Early next morning, Tom found out, Lillywhite shook the dust of the dew, when Lillywhite pushed his Honest Lawyer from his feet, so far

was lingering, in the throes of a long- on your honor"- he hissed fiercely know the hell it was when you were deferred debauch, in the lower part of the shipping town across the river. Tom had uncomfortable doubts.

> The rumors let loose by Jim Bowden were discredited-Tom took good care of that-and the morning of the wedding arrived, sunny and full of good omen.

> Perleigh Parish Church is a small, simple, whitened-out fabric, with tombs and brasses dating from the 17th century. The vestry in the southeast corner is not big enough to swing a cat in-should the Vicar ever find such a recreation desirable -as Tom ruminated while that reverend gentleman opened the safe and withdrew the duplicate registers that were so rarely used A sprinkling of neighbors and friends formed a meagre congregation in the body of the church

> The bridegroom, spick and span in his smooth black Sunday suit, had truly stated his name and all the particulars required by law; then Winnie, a child she looked in filmy white, gave her name, her age (it was only twenty-five), and was on the point of describing her condition as widow, when the sound of the iron latch on the west door being lifted echoed through the church.

> Winnie, standing near the curtained entrance from the chancel, womanlike, could not resist peeping between the hanging folds to see who the newcomer might be. She paled, gave a little scream, and collapsed into Tom Amery's arms.

Holding her thus, the bridegroom saw through the gap in the curtains; and nearly dropped his burden.

Dressed in smart new clothes, a carnation in his buttonhole, Lillywhite himself was stalking up the

Tom Amery was shaking like a birch leaf, his brow beaded with cold way into the constricted vestry and fulling his part of the contract; but bade a pleasant good-morning to all. what he achieved for your sake."

Tom glared fire. "You promised under his breath.

The Vicar, perplexed, put down his pen and faced the newcomer. "Who

are you?" he demanded. "My name's Lillywhite, sir," was

the reply. "I'm this lady's"-Tom Amery clapped a free hand

despairingly over the intruder's mouth. "Wretch! don't say it." Lillywhite stepped back a pace, and

went on

"I'm this lady's brother-in-law," he finished, casting a smile at Tom. "I regret if I'm at all late for the ceremony, but I come with a certificate of my late brother's death, in case there should be any question, a false report of his being killed in a railway accident having obtained currency, it seems. The poor fellow died at my farm twelve months ago."

When Winnie, with the aid of the vestry water-bottle, had recovered, the ceremony been gone through, and the registers signed with Garth Lillywhite as principal witness, Tom Amery invited him to return with them to Clematis Cottage.

"Since you ask me, I'm not breaking my word!" grinned the Australian. "I must give due return for that money."

It was in the front parlor, fragrant with Summer flowers, that he handed a sealed envelope to each of the happy pair. In Tom's envelope were the notes with which he had bribed Garth, supplemented by others of equal amount; Winnie's contained paper to the value of £500, her brother-in-law's gift.

"With all good wishes," said Garth simply. "And when the honeymoon's over, and you can descend to earthly concerns, there's the matter I came home about to be settled. For Percy made good while he stayed with me, Winnie; he worked like a true man, looking forward to a day that, alas, never came for him! It's a proud woman you'll be when you know

## THE MAN IN WHITE--By Vernon Ralston N the first place Annie was superb aware of a shadow over lunch. For "Well, he never has written to me "He's not precisely written, sir, relation, and then asked, "Did John of his that he'd brought for com-

an excellent wife who golfs all the morning and bridges all the afternoon, a super-excellent housemaid is essential to the smooth working of a household. Annie was as quiet as a cat, as respectful as a porter about to be tipped, as efficient

a Parliamentary candidate. She possessed some sixth sense. Whenever I leant back proudly in my chair vants, but after all it is human. land could have done such a morning's work, or whenever the characters had got themselves in such a fog that I had given up in despair, or whenever I had just decided that there was not another plot left in the universe, at that precise moment would come Annie's quiet tap at the door and the announcement of lunch.

As I say, she had some sixth sense, or else she spied on me from the garden window.

Delightful, too, it was to have Annie waiting on me. She anticipated your wants as if you were a helpless baby. I often glanced up at Annie and thanked heaven for the shortage of men in England. It marry. Still, I had my doubts, for every Thursday she beamed on me like a rising sun, and I knew that Wednesday was her night out. Per- out me knowing." hays she beamed on me because I

was of the same sex as Him. However, one morning I became get a letter."

hands of the police?"

cooking seemed perfect. And then into his mother's hands!" I realized that the gloom emanated just realized that she is voteless.

I pushed away my book-books are allowed at the lunches which as Lord Kitchener, and as smiling as Annie supervises-and said: "What's the trouble, Annie?"

> It is, I know, indecorous, improper, not ignore it. and lowering to converse with ser-

"Excuse me, sir, but it's John, sir. last night as usual, sir, and I'm sure I waited till half-past nine, but he they've died of."

never came." "Ah," I said, "no doubt he was suddenly called upon to work overtime at his business, and dare not risk offending his employer. He'll write to you, I expect, Annie, or else you must ask your mistress for a couple of hours off and run round

and see him." sir. He always said that his mother was so jealous of all young women that he daren't risk having them hanging round-not that I was likely to go where I wasn't wanted, sir. gave me hopes that she would never He's got a delicate chest, sir. That's why he would never stay out very late, and I'm so afraid it's turned to pneumonia and he'll be gone witn-

"Don't worry," I said, consolingly. "He'll turn up all right, else you'll

A DETECTIVE

some tragedy in the kitchen, yet the chance a letter went wrong and got went to Madame Bertha, sir."

from Annie. She looked like a lady man to worry about, Annie. Cheer undertaker, or a woman who has up and forget about him. Perhaps he'll turn up next week."

She brightened a little afterward. and on the next Wednesday seemed positively gay. However, on Thursday the gloom had returned. I could

"Didn't you see him, Annie?" 1 asked.

"No, sir, and I feel quite sure that He's missing. I went to meet him something terrible's happened to him. I'm going to Madame Bertha's that I wasn't more than twenty min- as soon as I can get out, sir. It's utes late by the kitchen clock, and always a comfort, sir, to know what

> "Who is Madame Bertha?" I demanded.

"She looks in a crystal ball, sir, for a shilling, and tells you all about things."

"Don't waste your money on any such foolery," I said, peremptorily. "No, sir, certainly not, sir." "And, Annie," I added, with a

"But I don't know his address, humane desire to give comfort, "I his arms full of treasure. It was have no doubt that your mistress will John right enough, sir, for she said give you an advance at the end of the month."

> two and then there came a sudden gleam of brightness.

right again, Annie," I said. "You've met him again, I see."

"Not exactly, sir, but I've heard of him, and that's the next best thing." "Oh, he's written. That's all

as a housemaid-waitress. Given a moment I felt that there had been yet, sir. He always said that if by but I know just what he's doing. I ever talk to you about going to the

Annie paused, remembering that 1 "He's much too cautious a young had strictly forbidden resort to this mostly about Margate. But he's just John?" modern warlock.

For a moment I thought of reproving her for wasting her money on frauds, but after all it was no business of mine how she spent her

wages. "And what did the wonderful woman say, Annie?" I asked, curiously.

ball of hers and she saw such things! She said there was money coming to me shortly. You see, sir, she knew I was to get a rise at the

end of the month." "Yes, yes," I said, with a twinge of conscience, as I remembered that I had not as yet suggested to my wife that she should advance Annie's wages. I resolved that this prediction at any rate should be verified.

"And she said, sir, that John was on the water, sir. She saw me distinctly meeting him at a steamer with he was wearing a pot hat, and that's what John always wears. He can't The gloom continued for a day or abide soft hats. Then she saw a man in white standing by me, but she couldn't say whether it was a "I'm glad to see things are all second husband or an angel watching, or a dead relation, though, of course, sir, there's nothing to prevent a dead relation being a watching angel, is there, sir?"

I reflected that this depended a good deal on the quality of the dead

colonies?"

"No, sir, not exactly. He talked the sort that would be likely to get on in such places. And Madame Bertha only charged me a shilling, sir, though she said it was usual for was carrying twins, and very fine ladies who got good news to give her another shilling. I gave it her

and welcome she was to it." Madame Bertha again. You've got of herself, and that no decent woman your good news and paid for it Don't try and get any more. It might be bad news next time, and she may charge half a crown extra

for bad news." "Certainly not, sir," said Annie, and I have no doubt that for the

moment she meant it. For weeks Annie seemed more cheerful. I noticed now and then that the large atlas in my study had been moved out of its place, and I argued from this that Annie had been selecting a colony for John.

However, at last the blow fell. I noticed the first sign when Annie came and called me to lunch when was in the midst of a thrilling episode and writing fast. Then when I got to lunch the plates were cold and Annie actually dropped the potatoes.

"Whatever's the matter with you to-day?" I inquired, a trifle irritably. "If you please, sir, it's all come true-every word that Madame Bertha said. It was my day out yesterday, sir, and I went up the river to Hampton with my friend and her young man, and a gentleman friend

pany. And as we were waiting for particular." people to come off the steamer, who should come down the gangway but

"Carrying treasure?" I inquired, interestedly. "In a way of speaking, sir. He

children and the image of him they In spite of his plea that the mistake are. And his wife, a very plainlooking woman, came afterward. I large wife and a larger family, my "Well, Annie, I should not go to told her that she ought to be ashamed wife resolved on a change, and would encourage her husband to isn't at all what you would call a lady, sir. So I told her that I pitied John, and that I was sorry for those innocent twins having such a badtempered mother, and being afraid, sir, that I should lose my temper and say something nasty I should be sorry for, I came away."

"What did your young man-1 mean, what did John say, Annie?" "The children were making such a row, sir, that he couldn't hear him-

self speak, and one of them knocked his hat off and it fell in the river. 1 felt quite sorry for John, sir." I did not share her benevolent sorrow. I heartily wished John had

fallen after his hat. "Well, Annie, I said, "you must cheer up now. You know the worst. Don't worry about that rascal.

Someone else is sure to turn up." I expect it will be the man in white, sir, that Madame Bertha talked about. Though it can't be the geatleman I was with last night, because he's in the plumbing business and

wears blue overalls. I asked him "Well, keep your eyes open for

him and don't waste any more money on Madame Bertha. She might see the man in white coming from a steamer bearing treasure."

Then a kindly providence took a hand in the game. My wife detected a false entry in the milkman's book. was caused by over-anxiety for a bought our milk elsewhere.

A week later 1 passed a couple carry on as if he were single. She in the dusk outside, and I heard carried on something shameful. She the well-known voice of Annie say. "Yes, ten is my time, but she never says a word so long as it isn't past half-past, and she'll let it be eleven if she knows I'm going to the theatre with a gentleman friend."

The next day Annie was refulgent at lunch.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you'd like to know that everything Madame Bertha said has come true, sir. It's the new milkman, sir. I never thought of it being a milkman till this week, sir; but you see, sir, he always wears a white smock because his employer thinks, sir, that it makes the milk look

cleaner." And now Annie beams about the house. I fear that the milkman is prospering. I owe him no grudge, but I trust that prosperity will creep on him very slowly if surely, so that we may keep Annie for years yet. But when the light of our kitchen does leave us I am prepared to wager that Madame Bertha gets the largest slice of the wedding cake.

### The Lost Papers &

R. HENRY FUSSING, president of the Hilton National Bank, and John Doecker, the famous as he is thought."

"If I do not get some word from him to-day," he thought, "I will begin to doubt if he is really as smart as he is thought." private detective, were sitting in the Just then there was a knock at the

"Then it is your wish, Mr. Fussing, that the whole matter be kept secret, no matter what we find out, and that "Send him in."

Just then there was a knock at the door and a clerk entered.

"There is a man outside who says he must see you, but he refuses to give his name."
"Send him in." it is to be kept entirely out of the hands of the police?"

An old man, evidently a sallor, judging from his beard and weather. beaten face, entered the president's e- office. As soon as he was inside he I threw himself into a chair, placed his "Exactly," President Fussing replied. "You must understand that I threw himself into a chi do not wish it to become known that feet upon another and

it is possible for important papers to the air with smoke from an ob-disappear from my private office. It noxlous pipe.

"You wished to see me," Fussing said, obviously annoyed at the other's suppear from my private office. It noxious pipe.
ould hurt the reputation of the ink."
"You wished to see me," Fussing said, obviously annoyed at the other's free and easy manners.
"Yes, that's why I come. I want to

"If feel sure of that, Mr. Decker, or I should never have spoken so openly to you. But do you think you will be able to recover the papers?"

"Of course I can promise at the control of the papers."

"Yes, that's why I come. I want to you about some documents you've lost."

"About some documents?" Fussing repeated.

"Yes, here they are." 'Yes, here they are." "Yes, here they are."
The skipper unbuttoned his greatcoat and handed some papers to the
astonished bank president, whose face
became more and more annoyed as "Of course I can promise nothing beforehand, but you may feel quite sure I will do everything within my power to get them back."

President Fussing was anything but pleased. More than a week had passed since he had called the detective, and still he had nothing from him.

became more and more annoyed as he examined them.

"They are certainly the papers I lost, but I must say I am greatly surprised to get them back in this manner, when Doecker had promised secrecy."

"You should tell that to Doecker In a wink he took off the beard. surprised president. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Doecker, really did not recognize you in nat disguise." the president laughed.

"I should like to know how you dis-covered the papers and how they dis-appeared from my office. Who stole "They were not stolen. And who would care to steal papers of no value except to the bank? I immediately saw that theft was out of the ques-

that day and carried away the papers by mistake. received the papers and laid them on your desk. During the next hour three of your employes were in here, but I left them out of consideration. as none of them had probably been close enough to the desk to get the papers by mistake.

"At half past twelve you locked

your door to take your usual nap— that is to say, you wanted no one to come in from the outside office because you expected a visit from a lady lways enters through the door

that out?"
"Am I wrong, then?"
"No, but" 'Yes, how I find out things is one

of my secrets which I never roveal but you may trust my discretion. The lady you expected came in a few minutes early, and, as she is perhaps a little more inquisitive than the average woman, you quickly turned the papers on the desk face down.

"When I had got that far I thought my task was nearly disched but alle.

"When I had got that far I thought my task was nearly finished, but discovered I was following up a false clue, and had to continue my investigation. Half an hour later, when the door to the office had already been locked again, your wife came in She had been caught in a shower and a small parcel she was carrying had got so wet that while you were out for a moment she wrapped it up in what she thought to be a couple of blank sheets of writing paper on your desk. In reality these papers were the missing documents and you had the missing documents and you had to call me in to get them back.
"And now the papers are once more on your desk, a little crumpled, hav-

#### ing been used as wrapping paper.

Why Scratch It Out? Fanny, the little daughter of a clergyman, pranced into her tather's study one evening while the reverend gentleman was preparing a lengthy sermon. She looked at the manuscript for a moment, and then turned to her father.

"Papa," she began, seriously, "does "But how the deuce did you find Got tell you what to write?", at out?"

"Certainly, dearlo," replied the "Then why do you scratch so much of it out?" asked Fanny Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company Great Britain Rights Reserved

#### Settling Her Future

erently inquired Sanddinger

HO is that out on the front the first place and his mother is a sec-porch with Mary?" bellig-ond cousin of Harry Thempson's father."

A STORY WITH A PROBLEM.

porch with Mary?" belligerently inquired Sanddinger
as he entered the family living room.

"Why. I thought I heard Mary introducing you when you came up."
Mrs. Sanddinger said in some surprise. "It's a new young man".—

"Oh, I know he's new and his pame
is Biffkirk and he's got fuzz on his
cheeks like a gosling!" interrupted
Sanddinger with hostility. "I'd like to
know what he's doing around here,
that's alli"

"Why, he is calling on Mary," protested Mrs. Sanddinger. "He's perfectly nice and there isn't any reason why
he shouldn't call. What makes you
act so, Samuel?"

"How do you know he's nice?" demanded her husband. "I tell you, the
carelessness of the modern parent is
something awful! Here you sit calmly
crocnetting and allowing your daughter
to entertain out on the front porch
an utterly strange youne, man"—

"My goodness, Saru li" said his
wife. "He's not utterly strange!
Harry Thompson introduced him in
lights Reserved

"I certainly am surprised!" said Mrs. Sanddinger. "Harry has always been like one of the family! He has perfect manners and is so folly and he's not a bit sentimental over Mary! They're just good friends who've grown up together!"

"Do you know how old Mary is?"
demanded her mother. "Twenty her
last birthday!"
"Twenty!" scoffed Sanddinger.
"That's a mere child! There are entirely too many young men hanging
around here! I've been going to
speak about that young Hinkle for speak about that young Hinkle speak about that young Hinkle for some time. He always acts as though he supposed I was glad to see him—gives me a handshake that a promoter might use when planning to steat your eye teeth! I don't like his style! And this Miff-Piff-Biffkirk—I'm going right out now and call Mary in the

your eye teeth! I don't like his style! And this Miff-Piff-Biffkirk—I'm going right out now and call Mary in! She can soud him home"—
"Samuel," said Mrs. Sanddinger in cool, clear tones, "you sit right where you are! I've just decided what's the matter with you! Most fathers are that way. I know mine was. The trouble with you is that you're just plain jealous!? That's it! You're jealous for fear Mary will like some of them better than she does you! And she will—you can bank on that! So you might as well swallow your medicine gracefully and retire to a back seat! They're all perfectly fine fellows and you're simply jealous!"
"I'm not!" growled Sanddinger, sinking back into his chair. "The ideal Say, it's fierce having a daughter grow up!"

